



# POEMS

By

R. P. Student of Ch. Ch. Oxon.

— *Sulca est clementia, cum tot ubique  
Varibus occurras, peritura parcere Charta. Juven.*

Bliss, 2, 422

My dear Sir,

I return your book with many  
thanks. I am afraid I have kept  
it a very long time.

I am

Yrs. very truly

A. W. Haddam

Fri. Coll.

Tuesday Aug. 13.

Rec

not in the

Peers, Richard  
in the Bodleian Catalogue 1843.

o. of Rodd

Born in Ireland, was apprenticed to trade, ran away from his father, & was received by a relation in England, who placed him at school under Jeremy Taylor as it has been said. Sent at length to Westminster school, & thence elected a student of Christ Church. Became superior Bedel in 1675 and married. Died at his house in Holywell Aug. 11. 1690 and was buried in St Aldate's church.

<sup>2</sup>  
Blip 422.  
A



P O E M S

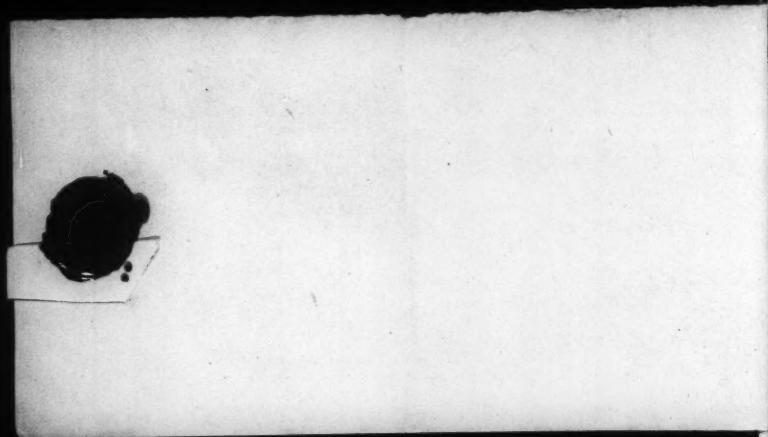
BY

R. T. Student of O. C. Oxon

— Poems of classical, and in English  
— Poems of various kinds, from the pen of  
—

The R. P. poems are  
~~probably~~ the production  
of Richard Peers, a Brother  
Graduate - Catalogue Contriver  
died near you, & buried near  
me.

Alfred. Mth. 4 290





To the Reverend

**D<sup>R</sup>. RICHARD BVSBY,**

Prebend of *S<sup>t</sup> Peters Westminster*, and

Master of his Majesties Free-Schoole.

*Occasion'd especially by his late Munificence*  
to Christ Church in OXON.

**Y**our Vertues (SIR) to highest Empire flown;  
Each Foe subdu'd, and every heart your own;  
No open force, no undermining train,  
To shake the peacefull greatness of your Reign;  
And yet no Homager your Acts rehearse,  
Nor to your Throne bring Tributary Verse?  
There's a Religion, Sir, in our Addresse,  
Nor are we slow to praise but to depreſse:



For

*For all our Words, their emptiness deplore,  
 Yet what they cannot utter, we adore.  
 Though praise may splendour on mean worth bestow,  
 And Verse may heighten what before was low ;  
 The Dread and Wonder which your Works impart  
 Surprise the Poet, and suspend his Art.  
 Hence 'tis we durst not suddenly intrude,  
 Nor bring a zeal as ignorant as rude ;  
 Others with noise may matchlesse worth pursue,  
 And there pay Haste where Reverence is due :  
 From ev'ry Hill when in-land waters meet,  
 And th' ancient Sea-Gods for their Bounty greet,  
 Small Vulgar streams with hasty lowdness come,  
 But profound Zealots tardy are and dumb.  
 And we with slow-pac'd Gratitude draw near ;  
 Yet make at length our Piety appear :  
 Poets ( like Bells ) great Triumphs may proclaim,  
 Though timely Silence brood upon their Flame.  
 But to each Muse when for supplies we call,  
 Summon our Forces and our Figures all.*

*The*

The bright Ideas of your merits lesse  
 Check the attempts of Study and Addresse  
 Then that Prerogative by which your Name  
 Over our very Thoughts does Empire claim;  
 Does to your Crown all Wit and Fancy joyn,  
 The Poets Treasure, and the Poets Coyn.

For though we blame \* His Poverty or Thrift  
 Who (made at once the Giver and the Gift)  
 Learn'd when his Gratitude was at a losse,  
 To rate himself and pay his Debts in grosse;  
 Yet should our richest Arts one Present dresse  
 With all they are and all that they possesse,  
 More vain their Piety which could no more  
 Resign, then what they had from you before.  
 Just so devout mistaken mortals are  
 When with their Gods they their rich plenty share;  
 Serve their Divinities with spicy Steames,  
 And pay them back the Bounty of their Beams.

But Sir in Vertues race you so proceed,  
 Your Gifts encrease their value by their speed.

Others

*Aeschines Sen.  
 gratis auditor,  
 nihil (inquit)  
 dignū te quod  
 dare tibi possim  
 invenio &c.  
 itaque dono ti-  
 bi quod unum  
 habeo, meipsum  
 Sen. de Benef.*

Others their fame by feet and inches raise,  
 And ev'ry Stone mounts slowly to their praise;  
 You choose a nobler Path, no dull delay  
 Retards the nimble glories of your Day,  
 Which, like the Heav'nly in a moment flows,  
 Darts forth its Lustre, and its Bounty throws.  
 While on stupendious structures they attempt  
 From Babels sure fatality exempt,  
 (Which must at length have crumbl'd and decay'd)  
 Even beyond Times Deluge to evade,  
 More Pious You nor Care nor Wealth bestow  
 On what was wicked and may still be so;  
 Spreading heavens favor rather than your fame  
 The reconciled Deity proclame;  
 For Babels curse you modestly redresse,  
 And your Humility thereby expresse,  
 While the united \* Languages declare  
 That what Ambition ruin'd you repair.  
 Such goodness once in humane Breasts did shine  
 Ere Vertues wings were feather'd by Designe.  
 Blest

A Lecture of  
 the Eastern  
 Languages  
 given to Ch.  
 Ch.



Blest was its Texture and divine its Flame  
 Which fed its self; nor fuel sought from fame.  
 None then took care that twenty Ages gaze  
 On a vast Structure, and its Founder praise;  
 Nor did a name for future Breath prepare,  
 Pay'd when they too were emptiness and Air.  
 Yet did not they their Piety refer  
 To the wild conduct of a Successor;  
 None on his Death-bed did with sickly mind  
 Bid his Heirs finish what He scarce design'd;  
 (Whose wanton zeal grows pleasant to be just  
 With flow'rs embrazing Rottenesse and Dust;  
 Or if in some course Marble it appears,  
 The stone upbraids their dryness with its Tears.)  
 They did like Dieties their Gifts dispense,  
 View'd their own Beames, and scan'd their Influence,  
 Noble and Honest still defin'd their Good,  
 Their wealth no less diffusive then their Blood;  
 Which knew no Right transmitted with its steines;  
 Their Gold nere taught to run in humane veines.

These



*These were Their Vertues, Sir, and these we view,  
 Nobly repeated and improv'd in You ;  
 Who smiling at the Folly and the Rage,  
 This of the past, that of the present Age :  
 (Which neither Piety nor Prudence taught  
 Prayes for such Ruines as the other wrought )  
 Your Godlike Beams can readily dispense,  
 Not ty'd to Time or nice Convenience :  
 Scorn that the Pow'r of Villany or Fate  
 Should force your vertue to a cold retreat.  
 Thus the propitious Gods descend in rain ,  
 And with rich Plenty load the humble Plain ;  
 Though the ill guarded Herd may quickly spoyl  
 The fruits of all their Bounty, and our Toyl:*

*Tet though your Wealth flow plentiful and swift,  
 We're Richer in the Doner then the Gift.  
 And while your early merits we review,  
 And think what Christ Church challenges in You,  
 For that dear Interest we could resign,  
 What ever springs from Quarry or from Mine,*

For

For here your Greatness with your Youth begun,  
 (So men spy Noon-tide in the rising sun)  
 Here were those seeds of Rule and Empire layd,  
 Which fairly promis'd, what they since have payd:  
 Where (as the Sacred Infancy of Kings  
 To Huts the Right of Sanctuary brings)  
 You, Sir, the Muses Interest advance  
 Bove the Arrests of Time and Ignorance.  
 Here you gave proof how solid merit shines  
 When serious Industry with Nature joyns.  
 Here your green Age did with unequal'd pace,  
 The course of Arts and manly knowledge race:  
 Learn'd Matters Laws, her unions and her jars,  
 Rounding both Globes and circling with the Starrs.  
 For while to You our Sciences did crowd  
 To quit the name of Sullen, Vain, and Proud,  
 Her stores decrepit Nature shew'd to you  
 As eagerly as aged Mothers doe  
 When they their num'rous Progeny among,  
 Dote on the least, the spritely and the Young.

Such

*Such were your blooming Vertues, but to tell  
 How since your self and others you excell,  
 Were not to own your merits but expose,  
 Which Verse can neither measure nor enclose.  
 So while the sun on Memnons Statue plays  
 With gentle Beams, and moderates his rayes,  
 Their Gratitude the vocall Stones declare,  
 And with Poetick Numbers fill the Air;  
 But all degrees of Lustre once acquir'd,  
 And the bright God to Heav'ns high top aspir'd,  
 No longer then the tunefull sound extends,  
 But in dumb Extacy the Musick ends.*

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**FINIS.**

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# READER,

**N**either the Interest nor Importunity of Friends extorted these few lines from me : it was the publication of some former verses , too much mine and the worlds enemies. I am troublesome to you at present because I have been infinitely so already ; and the reason of this bold appearance is not that I do well now, but that I have before done worse. Repentance is the ready way to pardon , and amendment (how weak soever) is the best symptom, (because the naturall effect) of Repentance. I need not give you a list of my former errors : they were too grosse not to be notorious ; and bad Poetry is a sin against too many, to hope for indulgence. Besides as Musick (and Poetry is Musick set to Reason) is a pleasure which few men are insensible of ; so is there no aversion comparable to that which makes us fly from the harshness of notes, and the gratings of irregular sounds. But to come to a more solemn confession, it was with me as with most young Rhymers , who seem to make good the assertion of their adversaries ; that they sweat at the Anvil, and that toyl and Industry, is the

## To the Reader.

very essence of their skill, because their study is only to hammer out a few thin vanishing flashes, and their productions nothing else but the ordinary mechanick results of fire and water. Indeed when they might write easier, and write better, they love to be painfully ridiculous, and to expose themselves with a great deal of care. I mean not that accuracy of judgment which often passes sentence with too much rigour, when the Author sits upon every word he writes: It is the unnecessary toyle and travel of the fancy which is culpable here; for certainly it must needs be less troublesome to make use of such pertinent thoughts as upon a free and easy meditation naturally arise from the subject, and (as it were) meet the imagination halfe way; then after a tedious research under pretence of hoping for somewhat that's new and extraordinary, to huddle together such things as being infinitely distant in nature, will not easily be connected in speech: where besides, that this wandring abroad is often accompanied with the neglect and losse of our Mother-tongue, we commonly bring home the outlandish Gallantry of Duelling; love dearly to make one word give another the lie, teach every period to affront his next neighbour, and are infinitely pleas'd with the scuffle of two jarring elements; while in the mean time the expression proves an unfortunate stickler between two irreconcilable enemies, and seldom comes off better then maim'd or wounded. Another fault incident to young Scriblers is  
(more



## To the Reader.

(more bold and daring then the former) their downright falsifying the naturall circumstances of their subject; (and the circumstances of a subject are the materials of invention) like pitiful Archers, still shifting the mark, just as their roving fancy chances to direct them: they seem to endeavour that their productions may bear so near a resemblance to the Immortality they vainly pretend to, as not to be ty'd to the Accidents, nor limited or circumscrib'd by the conditions of their matter: so boldly dare they venture upon the most impertinent Improbabilities, for the ushering in of a few empty Equivocations; which is little better then the impudent asserting of one lie, by the dexterous forging of another. And now it is very probable that ere this I have sufficiently displeased my Reader, who may impute that to Arrogance and Presumption which I term a serious acknowledgment. But if his malice be not concern'd before his Judgment, I think he will easily perceive that though I may seem to intend the guidance of other mens Pens, yet my real design is no other then to fashion a Rule for my own lines, heretofore crooked, unequal, and wholly irregular. And the incivility of those men, methinks, is very strange, who will not give me leave to condemn my self, only because it seems a diminishing of their right, and an entrenching upon their pretended Priviledge and Jurisdiction. Indeed I shall subscribe to the severest Judgment they can possibly pass upon my former notorious Criminals, which I could wish were not mitigated with the least tincture of mercy; so necessary is the reservation of  
all

## To the Reader.

all the power and force of the most entire candour for the acquitting of my ensuing pages ; which I am really sensible have no lustre in them but when those extravagant impertinencies become their foyle. Indeed considering the generality of Readers, it would seem not at all for my Interest to prejudice my following Verses, by the bold errors of foregoing Prose, did I not a little consult my own satisfaction ( which though it may resemble what we term a Womans reason yet is the rule by which every man squares his actions ) and did I not likewise know that it is ordinary in Common-wealths ( especially that we attribute to Learning ) to have the many pride themselves in the gilded Liberty of voting what they please, but in the mean time the issue and success of affairs, ( yea even the opinions of the People ) are regulated by the Judgment of a very few. Not but that I have been too great a sinner in this kind, to be assur'd of my thorough conversion : And therefore as my faith bids me quit the Romish new fangled absurdity of thinking any thing deducible from the practice or opinion of a multitude ; so my reason tells me, I must become a Protestant in Poetry, confess that when I have done the best I can, there is no confiding in my own merits, and wholly cast myself upon the mercy of my Reader. To conclude, I know well that the nature of Vertue consists not in a meer negation of what's notoriously bad ; it must be distinguish'd by its opposite qualities, have its positive and real perfections ; and that Zealot was very impudent, who challeng'd acceptance upon the account of his being not quite so bad as the very worst.

To



TO THE REVEREND  
D<sup>R</sup> FELL.

DEAN of Ch: Ch: at his returne in  
May 1666 from the  
WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

**A**S a wise Victor still pursues new Fame,  
Adds to his Empire, and extends his Name:  
Because he knows and dreads the certain Fate:  
Of whatsoever's Eminent or Great;  
Which if their farther progress be delay'd  
( As *Planets* when they stop) prove Retrograde;  
( For States and Kingdomes are revers'd and hurl'd  
Like those great Lights that influence the world.)  
So ( worthy Sir ) that new acceſſe and gain  
Your acquir'd Empires greatness may maintain,  
Fresh Plots and Stratagems your wisdom finds  
To conquer Hearts and captivate new minds.

While



While the designs of your unstinted soul ;  
 Nor War can cross , nor Pestilence controul ;  
 Such fervent zeal did Priests of old incline  
 To quench a God or grasp a burning shrine.  
 And you Sir , like devout *Metellus* came  
 To snatch a *Pallas* from surrounding flame :  
 Your vertues rightly tim'd , you wisely thence  
 Enhance their value at the same expence.  
 You grasp short liv'd occasion ere she dyes.  
 Prevent address, and rescue by surprize.  
 Others Devotion only comes , and flits ;  
 And their zeal warmes them but like *Ague* fits :  
 Yours constant is, its motion still the same.  
 Nimble and restless like aspiring flame.  
 So the *Suns* Heat and active Influence ,  
 Do Life and Vigour constantly dispense.  
 And when from us his cheerfull Beam declines,  
 'Tis to hatch Gold, and ripen *Indian* Mines.  
 Through Sickness , Tumult, and whatever waits  
 On factious Cities, and diseased States ,

To

To pass so free, secure, and unconfin'd ;  
 Argues the greatness of your Godlike Mind.  
 Thus the *Heav'ns* Progress undisturb'd appears  
 'Midst humane troubles, and disorder'd fears.  
 Earths low disasters no obstructions bring  
 To stop their *Bounty* or retard the *Spring*.

And now (Great Sir) while *Orators* enclose  
 Their Gratulations in looser *Prose*.  
 Will not their boundless Liberty resigne,  
 Shackle their Duty, or their Joys confine,  
 But long Pathetick Sentences rehearse :  
 Your Obligations fetter me in *Verse*.  
 Their grave Harangues with Interest combine ;  
 And their set-speech courts trivial designe.  
 Our Thoughts are Innocent, and are secure ;  
 Like unmixt *Elements* both *Calm* and *Pure*.  
*Musick* that does *Poetick* Souls employ,  
 Is the most natural result of Joy.

Then welcome ( Sir ) unto a place is grown  
 To be a structure every way your own.

Whose few years Bounty has improv'd it more  
 Than tedious Reigns of profuse Kings before.  
 Your Glory 'tis to Build so brave a Pile :  
 And them the *Founders* we may truly Stile.  
 With far less Structures Pilgrime Princes buy  
 The favour of an angry Deity.  
 And Superstitious deceasing Kings  
 (Who think that every Quarry *Blood-stones* brings)  
 Less costly Piles to staunch the wounds intend  
 Of a slain Brother or a murder'd Friend.  
 How shall we guess your Pieties intent ?  
 At once so liberal and Innocent !  
 Had the Great *Woolsey's* soul Prophetick been,  
 And a so neer succeeding Age foreseen ;  
 Should harbour a Devotion so profuse,  
 Such a stupendious Piety produce ;  
 As void of Ostentation calmly drowns  
 The Gifts of Kings and largesses of Crowns ;  
 And free from Noise and Tumult, has o'recome  
 The wealth of *England* and the pride of *Rome*.

And

And ( though it have, nor State nor Kingdom drain'd, .  
 Nor is by *lavish Majesty* maintain'd)  
 Outvies the *Greatness* of his *Power* and *Mind*;  
 All that he *did*, and all that he *design'd*:  
 This had restrain'd his Pride, and made him know  
 His projects mean and his ambition low.  
 Disguis'd his great looks in a bashful frown;  
 And clad his face more *Scarlet* than his gown.

But ( Sir ) your Modesty your Fame displays,  
 And puts no limits to your spreading rayes.  
 (Which far transcend the narrow laws of Verse,  
 And must be boundless as the Universe.)  
 Your Merits all Encomiums debar,  
 He still shoots low that levels at a Star.  
 And he that will your meanest action tell,  
 Under your nearer influence must dwell.  
 This may the poorest thoughts exalt, and raise  
 To the sublime *Ideas* of your Praise.  
 Instruct our verse from your great works to draw  
 A Maid-like Beauty, and a Man-like aw.

With graceful Majesty our numbers stream :  
 Both smooth and stately like their lofty Theme.  
 This may at length inform us how to Sing,  
 A *Cardinal* transcended and a *King*.  
 The mighty *Mara* (while in Country cells)  
 Thus writes as low and narrow as he dwells.  
 Till *Romes* high fabricks elevate his Stile,  
 And teach him build a like Majestick Pile.  
 He's to her greatness Parallel and just,  
 While *Cæsar's* Palace makes his Muse august.

---



A N  
E P I T A P H

*Upon a Gentleman aged above Sixty, he died as he liv'd,  
Faithful to the Church, and Loyal to the King, lies Buri-  
ed with a Son of about nine years of Age.*

I.

**I**F to be Good, when Vertue was a Crime,  
If on abandon'd Piety to wait,  
Pity and prop those ruines others climb,  
Were to be Famous, Popular and Great :  
(Reader,) this *weeping* Marble had confin'd  
The universal sorrow of Mankind.

II.

For here lies one, whose Faith unshaken stood,  
By mighty Interest though oft alarm'd.  
Not threescore Icy winters chil'd his blood :  
While true Devotion loyalty still warm'd.  
(Like *Wines* when they of youthful fume abate)  
Time gave him vigour, and more useful heat.

III. Led



## III.

Led by a clearer Zeal, he shun'd those *lights*,  
 Which in Religion's *night* misguide the most.  
 Whom fear deceives, and ignorance affrights;  
 At length in dismal Precipices lost.  
 Ne're follow'd a blind faith's fantastick guesses,  
 Ne're courted Faction in a *Modish* dress.

## IV.

Nor wants the verdure of a happy Spring,  
 (The constant, Pious wish of weeping Verse.)  
 Here no vain pomp needs loaded baskets bring.  
 That just Solemnity might Crown his Hearse,  
 Death cropt his Son, and ere it was full blown,  
 That *flow'ry sweetness* on his Grave was thrown.

---

*An Epitaph upon three Sisters, buried together. Their Education was wholly at home; They liv'd Vertuous, and dy'd Marriagable.*

I.

**H**Old Stranger, let no hasty tear  
 Prophane the greatness of our loss:  
 Light signs of sorrow dis-appear  
 When serious woes the Soul engross.  
 And weeping passion while with publish'd Grief,  
 It pities others, seeks its own Relief.

I I.

Here lie three Sisters, had what e're  
 The *Triple* Spring of Beauty gives.  
 Colour, Proportion; and an Aire  
 Such as with Beauty breaths, and lives.  
 Their number, friendship, and perfections bore  
 Marks of the *Trinity* they still adore.

I I I.

No publick *Envy* e're alarm'd,  
 No *flattery* their Beauties fed:  
 No Paint bely'd, no Passion warm'd  
 Their cheeks into a borrow'd red.  
 Deaf to the tempting noise of Court and King;  
 And pure as waters in their *Native* Spring.  
Grown



Grown up to kindle chaste desire,  
 Unfit for frozen sheets of Lead,  
 Their youthful, sprightly flames expire;  
 And the Grave cheats the Marria'ge Bed.  
 Just so descending *Goddesses* draw near,  
 And midst poor mans *Embraces* dis-appear.

## V

How frail's Perfection, and how vain!  
 The crooked *Oak's* deform'd and old,  
 Can to a thousand years attain  
 Through summers heat and winters cold.  
 While amidst Tempests that securely grows,  
 Heav'n's warm approaches parch the budding *Rose*.

## V I.

Declining *Nature* now grows old  
 No doubt, for she through fond presage  
 Of future poverty lays hold  
 On th' Avarice of thrifty Age:  
 Only poor Beauties now abroad are found,  
 Her Gold and Gems lie *treasur'd* under ground.



TO THE  
*Memory of the Incomparable Mr. Abraham Cowley;*  
*lately Deceased.*

I.

**A**S when some matchless Monarch dies, straight all  
 Adjoyning *Kings* resent his hasty fate :  
 With grave Solemnity deplore his fall,  
 VVhich yet their Pow'r enlarges and their State:

I I.

So while the mighty *Cowley* yields his breath  
 His Neighbours sorrow in Poetick guise ;  
 In frequent *Elegies* lament his Death,  
 Though on his Ruines they expect to rise.

I I I.

And I, whose small *Estate* will scarce support  
 A mean Repute by Vulgar *Poets* won,  
 Like a profuse Retainer of the Court  
 Must keep the *Fashion* though I be undone.

C

May

## I V.

May he whose dawning light of early Day  
 Outvy'd the splendour most Meridians have  
 Daign that a *Tapers* faint officious Ray  
 Do a sinall act of Duty to his *Grave*.

## V.

Though vain's the Zeal which Richest Gums bestows,  
 Or strews the Flowers of no common Verse.  
 For his each leaf does nobler sweets disclose,  
 And his own *Garden* best adorn his *Hersè*.

## V I.

Those happy *Simples* rescue from the Grave,  
 When *Physicks* Rules but empty succours bring.  
 From their fresh bloom his constant Glories have  
 A lovely Verdure and a lasting Spring.

## V I I.

Nor him unwilling Histories record,  
 'Mongst those who at great Fame not good arrive;  
 VVhose Names are only read to be abhor'd,  
 As *Civil Wars* and signal *Plagues* survive.

But

## VIII.

But such a blest Eternity attends  
 His works, as is from Spicy Odours bred,  
 VVhich some fam'd *Herbalist* together blends  
 At once to *sweeten* and *preserve* the dead.

## IX.

A ruin'd \* Palace first he rais'd, and then  
 Describ'd a Garden worthy such a Pile.  
 To *Build* and *Plant* with failing Age in ken  
 Deaths fatal Omen wise observers stile.

*Sommersee  
 House.*

## X.

Yet must Experience cancel here her Laws;  
 Those very works shall make him deathless grow:  
 Thence he new life and youthfull vigour draws;  
 Themselves obstructing what they would foreshow.

## XI.

Hence then we date our Mighty *Lyricks* Birth,  
 VVhile with him rival Emulation dies.  
 Heav'ns *Harp* ne'r sets, but seems to touch the Earth;  
 Still brighter thence, and greater in its Rise.

[ 14 ]

XII.

In Solemn Duty to his Princely Grave,

Concern and Prejudice do now expire :

VWith the observance of an *Eastern* slave

First *light* his Pile, then *leap* into the fire.

XIII.

For even they, who (while he livd) oppress'd

His growing Merits and his worth defam'd,

Confess him now of Modern *Wits* the best,

And next Immortal \* *Spencer* to be nam'd.

\* Buried between *Chancellor* & *Spencer*.

XIV.

So *Romes* repenting Senate Altars rears

And their yet bleeding *Romulus* adore ;

He their Devotions object straight appears

VWho fell the Victim of their \* *Rage* before.

\* *Fuisse quoque tum credo aliquos qui discriptum Regem Patrum manibus tacti arguerent Liv.*

XV.

How just ( ye Gods ) was He ! though oft arraign'd,

Though oft condemn'd by *Wars* severest Laws ;

His Hopes discarded, and his Honour stain'd

For a too quick \* *Surrender* of his Cause.

*Aecus'd for his ready compliance with the late Usurpers.*

Se



## XVI.

See what weak Crimes do his first Faith oppose,  
 VWhich *Interest* and base *design* attest :  
 Like Pious *David* down his Harp he throws  
 VWhen those that hear him are by Rage possess'd.

## XVII.

For first in happy Verse he did design  
 The \* seeds of Faction, and the source of War :  
 How Piety can with Ambition joyn,  
 And more then Hell contrive, Religion dare.

\* A History  
 of the Civil  
 Wars.

## XVIII.

But after \* *Newburies* twice dismal Field  
 Rebellions Conquest he no longer sings.  
 His measures unto wild disorder yield,  
 And *Englands* weeping *moisture* cracks his strings.

\* In the Pre-  
 face to his  
 Book.

## XIX.

Strong fate the vulgar unto Ruine led,  
 Disease their Meat, distemper was their Drink :  
 Now o're the *Body* was it too far spread  
 To deem the *Tetter* curable by Ink.

Bold

[ 16 ]

XX.

Bold Treasons matchlesse Triumphs he had seen,  
Ere from the War his Loyal Pen retir'd :  
Thought Poetry had real *fury* been,  
And no feign'd *madness*, now to be Inspir'd.

XXI.

And therefore knowing Time alone defeats  
The force of Floods by hasty Torrents fed,  
(Like a foyl'd Prince) with *Rebels* wisely treats :  
By feign'd Compliance unto Conquest led.

XXII.

Unhappy man, whose miseries ne'r cease !  
On whom kind Fortune scarce bestows one smile !  
His Loyalty is paid with Court-disgrace,  
And a Retirement bitter as Exile.

XXIII.

Yet he's ne'r chang'd by Sorrows or by Time :  
His rever'd Prince does in his weeping Eyes  
Appear more Sacred still, and more sublime ;  
As *heights* at *distance* seem to reach the Skies.

He

## XXIV.

He thought on Pious *David's* mighty Name,  
 Whom once his Muse so happily did Sing:  
 And deem'd it Treason 'gainst his Princely Theme  
 Ought should divide the *Poet* and the *King*.

## XXV.

Curst those, who (like the *German* \* Monck) invent  
 The seeds of Ruine in their fatal Cells:  
 Whose Leisure's on designs of Tumult bent,  
 And on the Deaths of tardy Ages dwells.

\* Who found  
 out Gun-  
 powder.

## XXVI.

While nought those Rebel discontented Souls  
 But dismal thoughts of Stabs and Drugs possess,  
 By *Physicks* aid, Deaths Empire he controuls,  
 And does those ills which they design, redress.

## XXVII.

He from the Noise and Injuries of Court,  
 Does only so to silent Groves repair,  
 As half-tir'd Passengers to *Shades* resort  
 From the offensive fury of the Air.

Here



## XXVIII.

Here his *Pindarick* Muse so bravely soar'd,  
 Commended others and her own fate mourn'd,  
 Long absent vertue seem'd to Earth restor'd,  
 And Poetry unto the *Woods* return'd.

## XXIX.

Nor did the Learned World e're think him less ;  
 (The fate of all great Persons in disgrace)  
 None there did his commanding worth depress,  
 Or his Supream Authority displace.

## XXX.

Him still their Guide succeeding Wits propound,  
 And those that best approach him Fame commends.  
 His Royal stamp on basest Mettals found  
 Together *value* and *resemblance* lends.

## XXXI.

So, near his *Death* some recluse Prince gives Law,  
 When Vertue's heighten'd by *Romantique* Lore :  
 His *cloyster'd* Majesty retains that aw  
 By which his *Edicts* rul'd the world before.